

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Lancashire.

[Colne Town Hall](#) Lancashire.

The Colne Town Hall in Lancashire stood tall and imposing, its architectural grandeur capturing the essence of a bygone era. During the day, it served as a bustling hub for administrative affairs, but as the sun dipped below the horizon, a haunting atmosphere settled upon the premises. As twilight enveloped the town, whispers of the building's eerie reputation began to circulate. Those who dared to venture near after dark spoke of unexplained phenomena that defied rational explanation. It was said that the spirits of the past roamed the hallways, their presence felt by anyone with the audacity to enter.

One fateful evening, a group of adventurous friends decided to uncover the truth behind the legends that enshrouded the Town Hall. Emma, Michael, Sarah, and David gathered outside the ornate entrance, their curiosity outweighing any apprehension they might have felt.

As they stepped through the heavy wooden doors, the air turned frigid, sending shivers down their spines. They cautiously explored the dimly lit corridors, their footsteps echoing eerily in the silence. Shadows danced and flickered across the walls, their forms elongated and distorted. Emma gasped as she caught a glimpse of a figure darting past her, disappearing around a corner. Her heart raced, and she motioned for the others to follow. The group quickened their pace, the haunting echoes of their footfalls chasing them down the passageways.

Suddenly, a chilling scream pierced the air, freezing them in their tracks. The sound reverberated through the halls, resonating with an intensity that sent tremors through their bodies. David's face drained of color, and he clutched his friends' arms tightly, seeking comfort in their presence.

As they cautiously continued their exploration, they found themselves in the basement, where the former building attendant's apartment resided. The door to the decrepit living quarters creaked open slowly, seemingly of its own accord. An icy breeze whispered through the room, making their hair stand on end.

Against their better judgment, the group stepped inside, their hearts pounding with trepidation. The air was heavy with an otherworldly energy, as if the spirits of the past were converging upon them. Sarah's gaze fell upon an old servant's bell, its tarnished surface gleaming dully. Without warning, the bell began to ring, its sound piercing the silence like a scream of distress. The group watched in awe and terror as the bell swung back and forth, as if activated by an invisible hand. The ringing grew louder and more frenzied, filling the basement with an unnerving cacophony.

Overwhelmed by fear, Emma and Michael stumbled backward, their eyes wide with disbelief. But Sarah and David stood their ground, determined to face the paranormal forces head-on. Gathering their courage, they approached the bell and grasped it firmly, attempting to still its frantic tolling.

With a final toll, the bell fell silent, and an eerie calm settled upon the basement. The apparitions that had haunted the Colne Town Hall for decades seemed to retreat into the shadows, as if acknowledging the bravery and curiosity of their human visitors.

As the four friends left the Town Hall that night, they carried with them a newfound appreciation for the unknown. The mysteries that had plagued the building for so long remained, but they also departed with a sense of fulfillment, having experienced the inexplicable firsthand. From that day forward, the legend of Colne Town Hall persisted, passed down through generations. Those who heard the tales would speak of the courageous souls who dared to venture into the heart of darkness, leaving an indelible mark on the history of Lancashire and the

spirits that forever wandered within its walls.
By Donald Jay.